

Sketches

In the Beginning

In the beginning the universe was created by an infinite number of monkeys with an infinite number of typewriters.

They were assisted by a second infinite number of monkeys with an infinite number of stage props.

The Flat Earth

The world is flat. In ancient times the gods tidied things up a bit by folding the corners of the flat Earth together to make a spherical bag. The place where the four corners meet is called the Bermuda Triangle. When the spherical bag opens up things can fall through the Bermuda Triangle and into the bag.

Inside the bag is an interesting place. The gods keep their keys in there.

An American home in the 1950s.

Billy's mummy said to Billy's dad "Do you think we should let Billy run around with that peashooter? He's always shooting those dried peas everywhere!"

Billy's Dad said "Oh don't spoil the boy's fun. What harm could he possibly do with just a peashooter?"

Billy's mum shrugged and pouted but continued preparing the table for dinner.

That weekend they took Billy to the circus to see the clowns and the lion tamer.

The lion tamer put his head in the lion's mouth.

Billy shot a dried pea which hit the lion right between the eyes.

In astonishment the lion snapped shut his mouth.

A quick sketch of four comedians portraying the British class system in the 1960s.

They stand in a circle on a staircase.

The humble working class or "blue collar" person who didn't finish school looks up at the middle class person.

The middle class person who has been to grammar school and has "A" Levels looks up at the posh upper class person who has been to Eton and Oxford.

The posh upper class person looks up at the avant garde artist who does whatever he likes and cares nothing for the conventions of society.

The avant garde artist looks up at the humble working class person.

The circle goes around and around. They stand on an impossible staircase drawn by M. C. Escher.

Pataphysics. A Story of the Future.

It eventually transpired that any system of physics would work equally well as long as it was internally self-consistent.

Thus Newtonian, Relativistic and Quantum systems of physics were found to be all equally able to produce correct results and workable technology without the need to reference each other. The contradictions between these different systems did not prevent them from being practical and useful as long as the systems were used to the exclusion of the other systems. And so the new physics arose. Experimental Pataphysics groups around the world began to create alternative systems of physics all of which contradicted each other but which were, nevertheless, internally consistent.

One group had replaced the concept of "laws" with the concept of "stories" making it possible to create technology from scenarios. They had machines which depended upon plot consistency in order to function at all.

Queen Victoria's Adventures Under the Ground.

After they buried Queen Victoria she lay at rest until her ghost became restless.

The spectral form vacated the rotting mortal shell that was the old queen's very regal and respectable body and began rolling about, flailing arms, wildly kicking and murmuring. Gradually she quietened down and lay still.

She began to look around her. She was surprised to find that her official resting place in the royal mausoleum was interconnected by tunnels to other burial places from around the world. Space seemed to have collapsed. All burial places were one burial place and all of the dead were peacefully at rest. Except for herself.

Slowly but without pain, glowing with a sense of numbness, Queen Victoria's ectoplasmic form rose to its ethereal feet.

The ghost of the great lady who had been the mother of the empire and icon of the English speaking world began to wander in the spaces adjacent to her coffin.

Deep in the earth she crawled, through mud, through worms, through stones, through trilobites. Deep, deep, deep in the earth. It seemed strange that they had buried her so deep. She wasn't even dead. But why had they buried her so deep?

She was a queen. An empress. And yet here she was, deep, deep, deep below the earth. Tunnelling her way through.

Here was a corridor. Here, here, here was wallpaper. There was furniture. Back in wet, slimy earth again. Clay. Chalk. Quartz.

In one of the muddy corridors Victoria found a table and upon the table a book. The book was open at page about The Djinn.

Victoria read: "When a Gin, or Djinn if you prefer, is liberated from his trap there is a residue of magic in the bottom of the bottle."

Victoria looked around and saw two dozen of these almost empty magic bottles arranged on small shelves labelled "Empty Djinn Bottles".

Curiosity overwhelmed ghost Victoria and she felt that she desperately needed to know what a residue of magic would smell like.

She uncorked one of the bottles and sniffed. It was not unpleasant. In fact it was good. It was intriguing. Victoria felt the desire to taste the magic flavour.

She conceived a plan.

Uncorking each bottle in turn Victoria poured all of magic residues into one bottle. A trickle of magic from this one, a trickle of magic from that one, a trickle of magic from each. The blue magic, the green magic, the red magic, the purple magic, the gold magic, the silver magic, the orange magic, the grey magic, the blackcurrently looking magic, the yellow magic, the white magic, the transparent magic with bubbles in, all of them into just the one bottle, making a bottle bottom mixture of combined magics.

Victoria noticed that they didn't blend together. They each remained in their original colours, swirling inside the bottle like a rainbow tornado, vibrating and humming and emitting the most intoxicating lovely smell that Victoria had ever smelled when living or when dead.

Victoria didn't know what this mixed up magic would do but she was willing to try it as an experiment. Also she had never had a drink straight from the bottle before and there were no glasses or means of decanting the arcane fluid so she went straight ahead and took a drink.

Whoosh!

Queen Victoria was underground again, deeply, deeply underground. There were no tunnels now except the one she dug herself in her frantic struggles against the mud.

After a long, long time fighting her way through the depths of soil and plumbing and stones and grit and worms and fragments of ancient or futuristic civilizations astral Victoria fancied she saw a light shining as of a glimpse of sun through a tiny aperture. She pushed towards the light.

Struggling. Through the earth, she emerged on a beach. Long strand of beach. The coast somewhere. Could be still England, perhaps.

Burial garments, smeared with the mud and soil of her journey. She had seen corridors, furniture, bottles. What kind of earth had she been crawling through? Was any of this real? What? And how?

She began to walk along the beach.

She'd lost a shoe. She discarded the other one. She walked towards...

Hmm. There seemed to be some sort of structure on the cliff. Some, some sort of building, uh, built directly into the cliff face as far as she could tell.

The Red and Blue cliffs of some possibly English coastal town. Built into those cliffs was a tall tower of stone and steel and some other plastic material of bright colours.

Victoria approached the entrance.

The Gods of Death, Dream and Fate were waiting for her.

Alternative Arts

1

Edvard Munch's "The Scream" presented to the public as an immersive interactive experience.

2

A soap opera with no plot. The characters go through their daily lives without any major incident. Gradually they tend to repeat the same actions such as standing, sitting, opening doors, eating dinner, going out and coming back in, greeting each other etc., in an increasingly ritualistic manner. After several episodes the ritualistic nature of the episodes has become extreme. The script begins to be performed with a decrease in variance of vocal pitch until the words are eventually a droning monotone. The characters' interactions become a choreography of the banal. Satan does not need to manifest. The life of the story is already in hell.

3

The works of Marcel Proust presented as a series of scratch and sniff cards.

4

A Surrealist art gallery with no exit. After the public has entered the gallery the entrance mysteriously disappears. There is no way out unless the public work together to break down the walls.

5

A television sketch show which isn't comedy based.

6

An art form based on statistical interaction between other art forms. For instance painting and choreography calculated as a synergy of variables. Music and sketching, acting and sculpting or cinematography and architecture as statistical vectors where the main interest is in their combined effect.

7

A development of Stand-Up Comedy where the comedy is replaced by simply unloading all of your troubles, worries and traumatic unpleasant memories onto the audience and expecting them to react in a gratifying manner.

8

Music based on mathematical puzzles combined with slapstick.

Tool Mythologies

One day the world was rolling along as usual and the next day we were suddenly under attack with hammers, chisels, scissors, screwdrivers and all sorts of tools appearing out of thin air, falling from the sky and attacking thousands of innocent people.

This was how the gods had chosen to manifest.

The people of all nations ran to their shelters.

The Sky God walked the Earth. His name was NUT and he wielded the sacred spanner of worlds.